



A WREN IN THE Burning-Bush,

Waving the Wings of

CONTRACTION,
To the Congregated clean Fowls of the
Heavens, in the Ark of God, holy
Host of the Eternal Power,
SALUTATION.

THE Bird which late mute under the shadows in
the Desert, most melodiously is become a chir-
ping, chanting Song of Harmony in the Woods
of the Pomgranate-Trees, whose Boughs hang
seven-fold laden with increase in the seventh
year, wherein there is neither reaping nor ga-
thering, but all is offered in fulness to the
Lord God of the whole earth.

*She makes the Woods tiring with her harmonious sound,
She doth in Valleys sing, and Echoes sweet rebound.
Her Wings are as Orion beams, and her golden Feathers as the
Hayes of the Pleiades; her light is as the course of the Sun,*

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which from the Heavens giveth light to the whole earth; she lifts up her head at the *Horizon* of the East, and her breathings have reached the shutting deeps of the West; *Shiloes* Brooks run equal with her foot-steps; her path is in the green Valleys. Who hath been up her Train in the way, and is not an Angel of God? Her young are the Snow-white *Turtle-doves*, perfect, without party-colour; they yoke but to one peculiar *Mate*, and in the fit of love do ly down in his Breast, buried at the last gasp.

Al my Soul! Where dost thou dwell? Yes, Where is the Bed of thy repoles? Kindled spices are a fervour about me, invironed with their Fumes and Flames; Wherefore I step and bow the head, and proceeding do bend the knee, and in the nigh approach am fallen flat on the ground before the Altar of the Holiest of Holiests; for the glory of God is too wonderful for my view, who rideth upon the wings of Cherubims.

Oh! Eternal, touch my tongue, that my voice may sound thy praise, that the Feast of thy Sons, and the Banquets of thy Daughters may be mingled with the melody of my mouth; thou hast strained my Strings with the twists of Teyal, and woond up my Keyes to the highest; Wherefore instruct my hand to quaver upon the *Vial*, that thy *Virgins* may dance at the Tune; thy strength hath squeezed my Vine-press, let thy strong men taste of my Cup, for the Wine is as liquor of Life; Ah! my God, Thou hast filled me with the heavenly good, I will ponder thy Power and praise thy Name; for thou hast covered mine innocency with the immensity of the deeps of mercy; it is thou, Oh Lord God, who art my onely sure hope and strength of Salvation.

Remembring the Host, remembring the Angels, having thoughts of the Saints of God, and calling to mind the Lambs of the Flock, my life is as the fume of burning incense, ascending from the glowing Coals; for the voice of the *Turtle* hath exasperated my Spirit, whereby my life is as an Hymn in the amiablest of my Loves Breast; How shall I break open deeps to Remonstrate my Love? The profundity of that Love which floweth in the Sea of simpliciry, and ascendeth in sight

flight with the Wings of enamouredness, to the heavenly Host of the Most Pure God, whom his own right hand hath planted in the Power of the Coelestial Grace of Election, and therein are to him Priests, Prophets and Kings, inhabiting the holy Mountain, which hath its situation on the top of all Mountains, and in the same do sit on Thrones in the regal and imperious Power over all the twelve Provinces of the old Earth and old Heavens, which you have found as dissolving Snow, under the trampling of your burning and flaming feet, which God hath made (to his own Glory) the foundation of the Pillars of the new Heavens, and firm support of the new Earth also. Oh! how gloriously beautiful are your feet which bring the glad Tidings of the everlasting Gospel of perpetual Peace.

Oh! oh! my Beloved, my Beloved, to explicate a little, I may make entrance with the Wisdom of Solomon, yea, and after, having exceeded his Phrases, yet the vastness of my Love to remain the same, which I never found Arts most excellent Stage of Narration, sufficient to fathom out unto you.

That wise man wrote of the three earthly powers, *Armies, Wine and Women*, and concluded Women to be the forceablest; Have not all these in my *Pilgrimage* battled with me? Yea, although the least indeed within me, yet even as face to face with me in such measure as to Remonstrate would fill up many long lines, with the like Characters as these of Iuk; Nevertheless, *All*, yea and seven times more then all these in full force coming as floods of impress upon my little City Walls, never did equal nor parallel the strength, vigour and vertue which is in the least Lamb of the Sheep-fold.

Moreover I declare, though the said three might yet attempt my Tower (to wit) an Army, as the force of seven Armies; and Wine with seventy times seven, the strength of the strongest Wine; and Women, with seventy times seven hundred times their strength in the excellency of beauty, lustre and love, yet I am perswaded in the pure fear, dread and power of God Almighty, that they all would not touch my life, or make me desile the bed of my Marriage; But I testifi-

hie, the thoughts of the countenance of one Lamb overcome me in the Ocean of Eternal Love; which of a truth I feel and find in me, granted by the good hand of God, *stronger* then the first and last Enemy which is Death, or Lord and power of darkness, upon the which my Love, which is very life, trampleth as Cells in the infernal places in the utmost obscurity, in which Love (through perfect fear) I find my Soul established and life compleated:

Furthermore, my dearly beloved Sisters and Brethren, You know the natural influences of the old Courtes, (*viz.*) the love of the Child to the Parents, and the Mothers bowels to the fruit of her Womb; yea, and the love of her who forsaketh Father and Mother and cleaves to her Husband, whose desire is after her own flesh, concerning and super-ascending wch, I testifie (as one who hath ample knowledge of the Principal & Rarest part of the first affection) unto you my infinitely beloved in the Eternal vertue; that, as the bright Heavens in height are exceedingly above the dark face of the low earth, so is my Love to you, (Oh! my Love, my Love, oh! to you Gods own everlasting inheritance and treasure exceeding all which is of, or hath relation to the first birth of the flesh, fleshly in its most endeared natural streams and floods of the fulnesse of that love and affection. And although I have thus far made an entrance of oration, yet am still as far from emptying my self of the incomprehensibility of his treasure, as is the entrance of the East-wind, (which no man knowes from whence it comes) to the utmost passage of the West, whither it flyeth, the which no man knoweth whither it goeth.

Casually therefore in righteousness, (forasmuch as this Love shall prosper, the other pine and wither; This shall live, the other dye; This in God is infinite and endless, the other with the Fabricks fall fastly finished) I recommend your living Spirits in one word, which is your drink, food, raiment and life to feel me, and reach the pure openings of my innocent bosome to you all, without respect to any mans person, from him who sits on the throne, even to him who is a door-keeper of the house of the Lord, or a Sweeper of the entrance of his holy habitation, whereof this is the sum; *Lambs, your life*

life is my love, and my life to the uttermost hour of the Cisterns death; and thenceforth a Crown of life for ever, Amen. Of which, this is the sure earnest, *The Crosse on my back, and Crown of Thornson my head.*

And whereas I have a continuall Cloud of witnesses in my view; and an immoveable Pillar of Testimony, solidly pitched in my most internal habitation and dwelling; that you the *Quakers* and Tremblers, (who do purely dread and tremble at the Word of the Lord God) *are his chosen Generation*, his Royal Priest-hood, and most peculiar and everlasting inheritance. *Furthermore*, having the ample assurance (in the glorious light of the Supream Councel) that the holiest preceding ages never saw dayes exceeding the glory of your blessed day, which wonderfully in one hath sprung up from on high, and visited you with such a portion of the vertue of God, which although signes and miracles are plentifully written of and believed, and the gift of Tongues and languages given to divers in the primitive dayes; *Nevertheless, I Jobu*, do bear herein a true record and witness of God, testifying, That *Abraham* who talked with God in the Tent door, And *Lot* who entertained the *Angels* in *Sodom*. *Noah* who built the Ark with *Gopher* wood, And *Moses*, who through the *Red Sea*, led Israel out of *Egypt*, they saw not such a glory as now is revealed among you.

There were also among the Holy Apostles, who prophesied of you and of your time; They at a distance saw your day and rejoiced, who witnessed to the Brethren, saying, *He that shall come will come, and will not tarry*: and again, *He shall come the second time without sin unto Salvation*. And thus, unto you he is come, in whom the promise (by his coming) is completely perfected.

If you therefore I should forget, and bury the thoughts of the Sanctity and celestial excellency of your life and vertue, in the dark grave of the black belly of *Oblivion*; Then would my fresh green lawrell leaf become as a fire-scorched-skin of a wild beast, and the scent thereof as the smoak of Sulphur unto me: my *Palm* branch would be as a burning Torch consuming my Reins within me, and my Psalm and Song of Ho-

Shall be as the girdings of howlings about me. Alas! should I defile the bed of my Spouses Virginity, with the Daughters of *Jesabels* attire and beauty, then would the curtains of my Love be as the flame of the Lake, and her bed fall as vengeance upon me. Wherefore, Oh! my wholly Beloved, my Love shall run in the Cannel of fear, and her courses as the streams of carefulnesse towards thee; of which current and conduit I wait under seale of Salvation, that the perfection of all vertue is onely and alone retained in the life of the perfect fear of the Lord God, in which there is no unbelief or Spirit of doubt; for the perfect Love, held in the perfect fear, casteth all that fear out which ariseth of the spirit of distrust.

Gods chosen and peculiar Number, of all Statures, Conditions, and Qualifications, The greeting of his Simple Servant, your beloved Brother.

Young begotten by the Immortal seed, wait for the day of your Travaile, and in the pangs thereof, look to your Deliverer, doubt not, that you dye not, for the Salvation of the Woman is in Child-birth. Be patient, and of a pure contented Spirit, and lo, the sudden moment will shew thee the Travaile of thy soule, and thy pain shall passe swiftly from thee; beholding a Man-child, thou shalt remember thy sorrowes no more.

Tryall to every bearer and sayer, to know the bearer from the Bearer, The Sayer from the Doer.

Dost thou speak of *Canaan*, & dwellest joyned to *Egypt*s fleshpots? there is a Sea and a Wildernesse separates thee. Dost thou speak of *Jerusalem* in the City of *Sodom*? the walls of her Lusts do bind thee. Dost thou speak of *Sion* in *Mystery-Babylon*? her excellling magnanimity, merchandize, musick and sorceries have enchanted thee: Thou art the invassal'd work of her witch-craft. Why preschest thou the pleasures of *Paradise*, dwelling in the Dungeon of darkness? Read thy nature, and read thy Father, of the *Liar*, the old Serpent; of the envious *Cain*, of the proud *Lucifer*, of the earthly *Esau*, of the mocker *Ishmael*, of the treacherous *Judas*, of the persecuter *Pilate*, of
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the Glutton Dives, of the false Prophet Baal, of the hireling Balaam, besides more then are now utterable. Each actor read thy discent from thy own Fathers Loines. Oh! Professor, halt thou seen the slaughter of thy fleshly desires? remains there nothing which would be something? If thou hast but forsaken all things, to be reckoned something, what is thy advance otherwise but a vain Vapour? Know thy seat in the secret paths, for the Lord searcheth the heart. Answer the Light, and thou answerest God, and the questions of his sincere Servants. No Zoar, but by forsaking Sodom; No Canaan, but through coming out of Egypt; No Sion, but by burning of Babylon; No Paradise, but through the flaming sword; No Crown but through the Cross; No Heir, but through travell and pangs. The Consecration of Bread is not for Dogs food, nor Manna for swines meat. Balaam hath his hire to day, and the morrow gives his full wage; Woe, Woe to all his mercenary Members.

BABES, Feel your hunger, and moderately suck the Breasts of your Mother, not bruising the Paps with the young sharp teeth of the mouth of greedy desire; Repose in her Bosome all the night long, and she will arise and deck thee at the dawning of the day; she will hold thee in the armes of her Love, and hug thee in the bosome of her joy.

WEANED CHILDREN, Eat your Pap and glut not; Fear, lest you loath the nourishment of your life; hate not the Breast because of the wormwood, for the bitter herb was put to wean you; still the breast is unchangeable the same.

And you of the Number that learn to Tattle with the Tongue, hearken to the Instruction of your Teacher within, that you may quickly attain to the distinct and perfect sound of Syllables; and by his Doctrinal precepts in short progresse, become as Orators of the Councel of God: then will thy voice be a delight to thy Mother; thou wilt hang as a Jewell on her neck.

YOUNG MEN, Drink Wine & refresh you, but be not drunk;
Fear

Fear lest your nakednesse be seen in a dead sleep, where there is none to cast a Garment over you; grow in prudence, and a double portion shall endow thee in the Marriage: Thy youth not being prodigal, but provident, will acquire the mantle of Praise spread on the shoulders of Wisdoms beloved-Son, and in his house of antiquity, shall have the seat of a hoary head.

DAMOSELS and VIRGINS, watch in the Chastity to keep it; Fear lest the product of a moment reduce you to that which is the grief of an old age; For then feebleness joyns to Joynts, and weaknesse seizes on Sinews, and well-set hair drops down on the ground, and baldnesse shews the shame of thy youth: but Garlands shall be the glory of thy virginity; thy bloud shall be as the blush of a Rose, and thy face as the white Lilly; thy Mother will deck thee as a Damosel Bride, for the Prince of the Scepter of Judah; he will make thy breasts the bed of his pleasure, and will give thee the strength of his might; thou shalt conceive the seed of his Loins, and bear Children like Angels of God; thou shalt see thy Travel and live, thy countenance shall be the compasse of life; thou shalt see the issue of the day which shall never waste nor decay.

LABOURERS, Labour, not straining your strength beyond the measure of fear, lest you should return from the stage as maimed members; Labouring in the equall proportion, thy work shall proceed as prosperous, and waiting for the early and later rain, through the passages of winter and summer seasons, thou shalt reap a full harvest, and gather thy Corn into thy Barn; Thou shalt eat the bread of thy Labours, and thy Soule shall be satisfied with the good; The Vertue shall cover thy Kidnyes with fatnesse, and make thy Belly as an Oyl-brook.

And oh! ye *MINISTERS* at the Altar, in the Temple of the holy God, who are as continual fuel to the fire, and as a Sacrifice in the midst of the flames; my living eternally beloved Brethren and Sisters in the Almighty power of the most high, I

JOHN

JOHN a low & tender Disciple of the Spirit of life, in Commission of the Supream; to you all, do transmit the fruit of the seed of the holy word of acceptation, praying God and exhorting, *Persevere* in the race; Let every thorn which pricketh in the side be as a heavenly Spur, provoking you to a swift course. Though I am as the least of Gods thousands, yet surely the vertue of life is ready at my hand. I am full, I am full, even as the laden-ship, even full to the upper decks; but the hand of wisdom doth lock up my hatches; the substance is yours in the safe hold. Oh! ye deep Wells, filled with the waters of the fountain, disperse ye as showres, and spread as the rainy clouds. Oh! water, water the plants, be ye as overflowing streams to the tender Vines in the smooth Valleys. Let the voyce of resurrection descend from your Sphere in the unchangeable Courses of life; Let the breath of your Nostrils be as the Winds of the Heavens, dispersing the night clouds; and let the vertue of Restoration, as naturally drop from your mouths, as the descension of the early dew, and as the salt Seas do flow with their constant savour, that the weak may be strong with the vigour of your vertue, and the strong as him that hath received a seven-fold measure of valour. God Almighty cloath you with the robe of honour, and lead you as Lambs in the life of Jesus, in the power of his Ministry, to the end of your race, and Angels shall follow your footsteps, and bear up your train after you; Diadems, Garlands, and Crowns shall settle on your heads for ever.

TRIBULATED, The beloved Brethren in Prisons and Dens for your pure consciences towards God, Dwell in the patience under the sweet chastizements of your Peace; Pure Lambs and persecuted ones for Gods Truth and seeds sake, rest in your innocency, yeilded to the slaughter according to the example of your fore-runner, alwaies loving your enemies, praying for your persecutors, let content be your Crown for ever, *so live, and so dye*, and your blood of life will lastly give you the Dominion over all, and the innocency thereof speak to the face of God in Judgement, of the earth which drank it; your souls shall not misse of their expectation in the bosome of

God, for his Breast shall be your Bed of repose, for whose righteousness sake, you love not your liberties, nay nor lives unto the death.

Most dear ones, I am your Brother in the same blessed Kingdom of the Tribulation, Patience, and Content, instantly ministering my Spirits everlasting love to you. Oh! ye made worthy in the heavenly Calling of the acceptance of so blessed a Service; Peace be unto you, and all Gods flock, Amen.

Written in prison, by J. P. Let this be read with the Spirit of life,
9th. 4th. month, 1660. in all your holy assemblies.

To the Seed of the Kingdom, Plants of the Paradise
of God; most purely and everlastingly beloved
Brethren and Sisters, in the immortal
Life, Congratulation.

Can I forget that womb whose Travails were
For me more grievous, then which flesh could bear?
Or bury in Oblivions Grave, that Breast
Which suckled me? or Cradle of my rest?
Can I forget my friends as deadly foes?
Or scorn the bed of heavenly Joys repose?
Or loath the waters sweet, of Jacobs well,
Like Sulphury streams of the infernal Cell?
Can I forget that hand and living bread?
Which in sore famine, freely bath me fed,
Or drown in deeps the thoughts of Gods own breath
To burst like Judas, strangled unto death?
Nay, for in God, most merciful and just,
Abides my confidence, faith, hope, and trust.
Ab Sion, Sion, thy most glorious life,
Is all to me, my joy, I am thy wife:
And therefore if I should make slight of thee,
Then all thy good would be a sting to me;

Then

Then would my Bow against me surely bend,
 And all my darts into my body send,
 And all the pointed Arrows of my Quiver,
 Would sorely stick fast in my heart and Liver.
 Then would my sword which on my Loines is bound,
 Fall sharp on me, and leave a mortal wound :
 Yea, then the Teeth of this my Instrument,
 Would flesh from bones, and all my intrals rent.
 My boney would become as Rue and Gall,
 And heavenly showres like snares of fire would fall
 Upon my head, yea then my pleasant Wine,
 Would be as molten lead ; And this straight Line,
 Would mark out all, even as an equal due,
 Which gives clear sight that God's most just and true.
 The oyl which burnes within this Lamp of Gold,
 Would also me in flames of fire fold :
 For then would Shilo all his currents make
 To me, like as the fiery burning lake ;
 Should I become like as a turning vane,
 Then this my bread would be my deadly bane.
 My marrow would become like pitch and tar
 In dreadful flames ; yea then the morning star,
 Which hath reveal'd his glorious shining light,
 Would gird me in the hideous howling night ;
 But surely I to Gods own mercy have
 Committed all, whose grace doth freely save ;
 Weaknesse is mine, but strength's in Gods own hand,
 By which alone, in fear, I live and stand :
 In baptismes fire, exceedings John's, who lead
 To Jordans deeps, whom Herod did behead.
 Ah ! Babes most dear, with you in that I am,
 Which gives to see me as a patient Lamb,
 In pure content, bearing the yoke and Crosse,
 Esteeming mortall, but as dung and drosse ;
 In taste of vertue, of the heavenly seed,
 At Gods own Table with you all I feed ;
 With each low worm in his own proper measure,
 I drink a dram of the sweet wine of pleasure,

My soule in ardency of life doth say,

I am as near you as the light the day.

As firmly fixt like flesh unto your bones,

As in the mountains solid rocks and stones:

As reall in you though no flesh can see,

As is the Sap in the green Olive Tree:

I've chosen you like as the Turtle Dove,

To be dissolv'd in this most constant Love.

I want the words of wisdoms deep profound,

To shew how deep y'are planted in this ground:

What shall I say unto my heart within?

Where canst thou end, but where thou didst begin;

And there the Rivers run, exceeding measure,

What shall I say of this my Loves vast treasure,

You have much more then this weak hand can write,

For all is yours which Spirit doth indite;

My Spirits also with and in you all,

Who by the same are saved from the fall.

Can I within me lesse affection find,

Then worms or beasts who love their proper kind?

Nay Lambs, ye know in living substance well,

That my Brooks current, mortal doth excel.

For this my stream towards the deep doth run,

As doth my flame ascend towards the Sun.

No wise Philosopher did ever know

The moving Cause, why Seas do ebbe and flow;

Nor of them all within their Tombs do lye,

E're saw the Love, which moves the Sun to fly,

In Course most swift round heavens widest wheel,

But Gods Host now, the cause and life doth feel.

The lesser to the greater is well known,

And each true nature moves towards its own.

Here's fire below, the greater flames above,

Till twain are joynd, they do yearn both in Love.

T'ore whelming floods which on the earth were sent

In Noahs day, dropt from the firmament;

Besides, you see how raining clouds do bring,

Refreshing showres in pleasant time of spring;

And

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And fills the fountains which are here below,

And still the streams unto the Seas do flow,

And all their Tides, wherein they alwaies move,

Shew their affection, to the Seas above.

Now read me and my Love, which tongue can't speak,

To you my life, which death, nor bell can break;

Tet still I pray, in fear, that God defend

Me, from the ill, and save me to the end.

Amen. J. P.

BRETHREN and SISTERS, Look purely to your proper life, to be able to stand the Tryall of the day: Happily you may know what you are to day, but who can say what he shall be to morrow? Let none look out at me, but within to feel me, for I look up to God, and the cup which I patiently swallow is honey-sweet in my belly; God hath heard my prayers, and answered me, wherein my soule is refreshed, whose favour I besought with watches and careful tears, that you might know, and now it is enough that you do know, that I have lived, and in the life do live as an offered Sacrifice to dye in God: And therefore now for the fabrick quickly to stretch on its last bed, and there to sleep the long sleep, it is but one to me, as to walk, or rather, it is better to me for it to repose in her mothers womb, for so I shall live and not dye.

All dear sucking *Lambs* and *Sheep* of the fold, pray for me every where, Pray in the Spirit and cease not, for the lowest groan God heareth.

HOLT SEED, Be pure unto the end, and the *Crown* and *Kingdom* is yours. So the Father in his Love, keep you in the Love and Unity, and make your day as the *spring* which covereth the earth with green.

J. P.

A B R A -

ABRAMAM believed, and his faith was imputed to him for Righteousnesse; And Moses in the same steps marched through the Red Sea, and the Children of *Israel* followed him and were saved; but the presumption of the enemy God drowned in the deeps thereof; Ah! how many were his works of power to a murmuring people in the wilderness? and how wonderfully also did he alwayes save *Israel*, in the extreame deep times of tryall?

Oh seed of the holy one, all most dear and precious plants of the heavenly Kings renown, I have alwayes in Spirit been among you, and frequently have transmitted my exhortations in the fulnesse of the bowels of Love and life unto you, saying, wait for the Trial to stand it, and bear it, for the Lord God will have Gold and no Tin. He will have Turtle-Doves perfect white, and no party-coloured birds. And therefore again I say, O ye bones, be joynt with the Sinners; O ye veins, loose not your blood, for that is the life of all Creatures; But Lambs, be ye patient and content, and look up and wait a while and you shall see, and stand in the power, and the power will stand in you, and in it pray the Father, and the Father will hear you.

And grieve not if a Thistle or Thorn should blossom, for lo the North wind can blast it, and then it will fall to the Grave of forgetfulness: Consider my Brethren, who made the Rose, a Rose? and cannot he also make the Bryar a Lilly? and hath not our God made that of good, which the Son of man thought would never be for a service of good? however tryals shall be for your everlasting good, as you abide to the day.

I testifie to you, that all Nations is but as one man, and him as the dust of the ground before the Lord God; And who can say, of what God Almighty made the dust? yea, or the Globe of the whole earth: Ah Lambs, am not I your Brother in the heat of a hot day? The Lord our Righteousness keep you, as his mercy preserveth me an object for your pure eye to look on; but look ye not out, but dwell within, for, from the presence

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presence of the Eternal power, I speak, The earth shall rowle as a smooth iron ball cast down a steep hill, which finds no lett untill it's fallen to the bottom thereof; untill that the King reign whose right of due it is; and therefore, under the Scepter of his Government, dwell ye in the peace, and in the pure content, and his favour will countenance you beyond your hearts expectation; And this is the *Word of the Lord God*, which changeth times, unto all Gods people upon the face of the earth, to whom my whole Soul and Spirit is knit, and united in the perfect life of the living body.

John the prisoner of Christ
9th. 4th. Month, 1660.

THE END.

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